

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

THIS YOUNG AIR TRAVELER . . . has decided to scrape acquaintance with the passenger behind him, so he starts with the old peekabag. And of course it works. "Plane Cargoes, Assorted" tells about babies traveling alone on airliners, and about other unusual sky passengers. Page 10



IF ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT PELICANS . . . is a limerick, we recommend Ören Arnold's article to you. He seems to be an intimate terms with these curious birds—and also with sea gulls, which he discusses in the same article. Starting on page 14

HAROLD LLOYD IS BACK . . . and again he has discovered an attractive and capable new leading lady. She is Phyllis Welch, shown with him (and that is NOT one of the new fall hats!). Harold's latest, "Professor, Beware!", is reviewed in this issue. Page 20





"My daddy says
I'm the Champion
Bread Eater!"



• The whole family enjoys this new bread. Fisher's home-style loaf was created with the big thought in mind of bringing out the true wheat flavor. We're proud of this loaf and proud of the way it has made so many new friends. Folks all over town are saying, "You can taste the wheat!"

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The Family Circle

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HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau
Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

"I THOROUGHLY enjoy THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE," writes Mrs. L. E. Welch, 1605 H St., S. E., Washington, D. C., "especially since the page of poems has been included in it." And here is one of Mrs. Welch's favorite verses, which she is good enough to send us.

HANDS

*The sweetest hands are baby hands,
The dimpled hands I see—
So white, so fair, so soft and round—
That pat and clap with glee.*

*They make a smile
And life worth while.
Those tiny hands,
Those naughty hands,
Make happiness for me!*

—NINA G. CAFENRATHER

MRS. MADA FULLER WISEMAN, 807 Ashbury St., San Francisco, California, tells us, "I have a box full of past issues of your wonderful magazine and look forward eagerly to each new copy. If I am not able to go to the store for it, one of my tenants (I have an apartment house) brings me mine with hers. We all enjoy it so much. I am enclosing a reprint poem which you may find worthy of space in the inspiring Personal Touch department."

*The road to daily happiness is not so hard to find.
You walk ahead serenely and leave your cares behind.
A word of cheer upon your lips, a ready hand to give,
A smiling face, a snatch of song, will help you well to live.*

*The love you give to others, the good you daily do,
The friendly hand you proffer, bring happiness to you.
The road to daily happiness is not so hard to find.
It's what you do for others that brings you peace of mind!*

"I DO not know the author of this little poem, but it always comes to my mind when I see the setting sun," writes Mrs. Nellie Anderson, 3229 W. 109th St., Inglewood, California.

THE SUNSET

*Crimson, gray, and gold—
Enchantment to the eye—
Some artist saint has spilled his paint
Adown the western sky.*

OUR thanks to Mrs. E. M. Anderson, 11234 Palmar St., Los Angeles, California, for sending us this reprint verse.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

*The biggest room in creation,
The greatest under the sun,
Is just the room for improvement
That's open to everyone.*

*So don't let your eyes be blinded,
And don't pass by the door,
Because in the room for improvement
There's always room for more!*

IN sending us this quotation, Dorothy Davis, 307 Greenwood Ave., Takoma Park, D. C., tells us, "I get each issue of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE and appreciate every square inch of it."

*I have only just a minute—
Only sixty seconds in it—
Forced upon me, can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it.
Just a tiny little minute—
But eternity is in it.*

THIS poem sent by Priscilla Morse, San Joaquin Local Health District, Escalon, California, was, she tells us, one of her mother's favorite poems. "Everyone said of Mother," Miss Morse writes, "that she was such an inspiration to the young and so courageous, even though she had lost the sight of one eye and the other was almost covered with a cataract."

OUR FRIENDS

*There is never a friend to lose, dear,
While the years are passing by
God put them into your life, dear,
As the stars in the evening sky,
To shine when the day is dark and dim,
With a clear and steady light.
So whatever else you miss, dear,
Keep your links of friendship bright.*

*There is never a friend to lose, dear.
They are like the light of the sun
To cheer and give strength and courage
Till life's little day is done.
They are like the joy of the morning,
Like the fragrance of rare flowers,
All the barren waste adorning,
To enchant the weary hours.*

*There is never a friend to lose, dear—
No jewel or precious gold
So pure as the pearl of friendship
For the heart to love and hold.
They are not like transient treasures
That fortune steals away,
But friends worthwhile the heart beguile
And through storms and sunshine stay.*

WE have remarked from time to time how far and wide THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE travels. And an interesting letter from Mrs. Roy Brent, 73 The Esplanade, Guildford, New South Wales, Australia, brings us new evidence of our wanderings. "I have received six copies of your magazine from my friend Mrs. S. Hartnett of Salinas, California. After reading them I sent three copies to Mrs. V. MacDonald of the Lighthouse Station, Hook Point, Fraser's Island, off the Queensland coast. This is indeed a very lonely island, just recently equipped with wireless. Mail and supplies arrive once a month, writes my friend, who is the only woman on the island. "The three other copies have gone to Mrs. W. Rogers of Tristan da Cunha—a lonely British possession in the Atlantic Ocean on which there are about 70 islanders. Ships call there very rarely—at the most once yearly. The islanders grow potatoes as their staple diet and they also eat fish and eggs of sea birds. They depend on the outside world for groceries and clothing. "I trust this will be of interest to your staff and readers, and I wish your delightful magazine every success."

WRITES Mrs. N. S. Miller, 2111 Santee St., Los Angeles, California, "I hope you'll like this reprint poem as well as I like your magazine."

THE OLD BLACK HEN

*Said the little red rooster "Gosh all hemlock,
things are tough!
Seems the worms are gettin' scarcer, and I
cannot find enough."
What's become of all those fat ones is a
mystery—
There were thousands through the wet spell,
but now where can they be?"*

*The old black hen, who hears him, did not
grumble or complain.
She'd gone through lots of dry spells, she
had lived through lots of rain.
She flew then to the grindstone and she
gave her claws a whet,
And said, "I've never seen the time there
were no worms to get."*

*She picked upon an undug spot; the earth
was hard and firm.
The little rooster peered, "Now ground?
That's no place for a worm!"
The old black hen just spread her feet; she
dug both fast and free.
"I'll dig down to the worms," she said, "if
they won't come to me."*

*The rooster vainly spent his day through
habit by the ways
Where big fat worms would pass in squads,
back in the rainy days.
When nightfall found him superfluous, he
grouched in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions
sure are tough!"*

*He turned then to the old black hen and said,
"It's worse for you,
For you're not only hungry, but you must
be tired, too.
I rested while I watched for worms, so I
feel fairly perk.
But as for you—without worms, too—and
after all that work!"*

*The old black hen hopped to her perch and
dropped her eyes to sleep,
And murmured in a drowsy tone, "Young
man, hear this and weep:
I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined
both long and well.
The worms are there, as always—but I had
to dig like hell!"*

PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS, CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING

for whom the Cleveland edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

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ASA SWINGS IT

IF ASA HAD RESISTED TAKING THE OLD AGONY
STICK TO TOWN, HE MIGHT HAVE AVOIDED
TROUBLE—BUT WOULD HE HAVE BEEN A HERO
TO LOUISE AND THE OTHER FLITTERCUTTERS?

BY NARD JONES

ASA MOSHER tilted back his head, pointed his clarinet skyward, and allowed it to emit a long *toodle-ooodle*.

Then he lowered the instrument reverently and smiled. "My gosh," he breathed. "That's what I call *sendin'*! Any day I can't handle this old licorice stick as good as Benny Goodman, I'll just go away and die."

His mother, sewing contentedly in the shadow of the porch, looked up. "What did you say, Asa?"

The young man reddened slightly. He had, as a matter of fact, been addressing himself. "I was just saying I can play this licorice stick almost as good as Benny Goodman."

"Who's Benny Goodman? Some new boy in town?"

Asa Mosher throttled a grunt of disgust. "Gosh, no! Benny Goodman is the King of Swing. Anybody ought to know that!"

"Oh—you mean that swing music?"

"I'll say that's what I mean," agreed Asa. He again inserted the mouthpiece between his lips and blew heavenward. *Toodle-ooodle-oo-oodle* went the blackstick at a startled robin. "I'm a cat, that's what," said Asa. "I was solid in the groove then. I sure was out of this world. It's just—"

The screen door grunted open and the voice of the elder Mr. Mosher interrupted Asa's observations. "What

in the name of common sense is that noise?" demanded Mr. Mosher.

"Why, Asa was just playing a tune on his clarinet," explained Mrs. Mosher in surprise. Her husband had once been very partial to the clarinet. He had, indeed, been more than pleased when his son signified a desire to order the instrument. So now Mrs. Mosher couldn't understand her husband's obvious annoyance.

"You call that caterwaul a tune on the clarinet?" inquired Mr. Mosher generally of both wife and son.

"That was pretty good, I thought," Asa said. "That'd make 'em swing, that would. I wish I had my own hand—I'd make 'em peel the apple! I'd make those jitterbugs start to shag."

Mr. Mosher's face turned something that was just this side of purple. He confronted his wife. "What is this—this son of yours talking about?"

"Now, Father. . . ." Mrs. Mosher smiled indulgently. "You ought to be used to youngsters' slang by this time."

"Slang? I am used to youngsters' slang. I guess I've kept up with things as well as the next person, but this jitterbug business! I suppose you know what he's talking about."

Mrs. Mosher admitted that she did not always know what Asa was talking about. "But there's no harm in it, Everett. And you don't have to take the boy's head off

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT ROOSE

just because you don't understand everything he says."

Mr. Mosher controlled himself with effort. "Would you mind telling me," he said to Asa, "what a jitterbug is?"

"It's anybody that likes swing music. Sometimes they call 'em whackies and woof-hounds. Or maybe alligators." Asa fingered his clarinet with a faraway look in his eyes.

His father's face now flushed into the full purple it had been threatening. "Well," he said slowly, "I am not, if I may say so, a--a jitterbug or a--an alligator. And if you can't learn to play that instrument as it should be played, I'm going to break it over the seat of your britches. Now go out and get the milking over with. And don't forget to clean the separator. You didn't do it last night."

Asa replaced the clarinet in its velvet-lined case and reluctantly started toward the barn. His father, deep concern in his eyes, watched him go. "Jitterbug! . . . I wonder if that's what's wrong with the world, Cora? It's got the jitterbugs."

Cora Mosher set down her sewing. "You remember jazz, don't you, Everett?"

"Certainly I remember jazz. Why do you keep asking me if I remember things? My memory's not exactly failing yet."

"Of course not, Everett. But a lot of people thought jazz was pretty terrible. And we came out of that all right."

"Suppose we did! The people who danced to jazz weren't--weren't whackies and alligators."

Mrs. Mosher smiled. "Maybe they were and didn't know it."

ON his way into the barn, Asa held an imaginary clarinet between his hands and operated his fingers wildly on airy keys. He sent the old agony pipe down the wind and out of the world. He could fairly hear the brasses jam.

Then Asa looked at the four impassive bovines in their stalls. "Why don't you darned old cows start flittercutting?" he asked. "Just get right up on your hind legs and heat it down--like the cow that jumped over the moon."

The cows gave no indication that they were jitterbugs, whackies, or alligators. They simply stood there, chewing

Jerry Bingo himself singled them out as being hep cats. Directing his Swingsters with one hand, he pointed to Asa and Louise with his clarinet. Couples began to watch. Some even stopped dancing



suds, flipping tails, and occasionally regarding Asa with more than their usual suspicion. But Asa got them miffed in what was, for him, record time. He wanted to get into town right after dinner, and he didn't want him to be delayed by his brang late with the sniffling and separating. Jerry Bingo's Swingaters were to be in town, and Asa was taking Louise Putnam. Taking Louise, anywhere at all would be a disaster, but taking Louise to a dance played by Jerry Bingo's Swingaters ought to be paradise.

Jerry Bingo, of course, wasn't Benny Goodman or anybody like that, but Asa understood that Bingo and his Swingaters were the best exponents of swing music to be heard in that part of the country. Weston, a small town, Oregon, had never heard a really big-name swing band, and Asa Mosher was the foremost local authority and the only practitioner of the art, instrumentally speaking, in the town. He kept informed by phonograph records and radio and magazines and the daily press. He read and heard everything he possibly could about the exact yet intangible science of swing, knew its essence and its terminology. And he knew that to lead a swing band, to ride with your cats while the rug-cutters pumped their anklebones—that, he knew, was the greatest height to which a man might hope to rise.

Asa Mosher was not one to lie to his parents, although he sometimes did withhold data from them. And on this night he did not say that Jerry Bingo's Swingaters were going to send it out of the world at Weston's versatile public building which served for weekly motion pictures, occasional dances, and regular lodge meetings. He simply said that he would like to use the Mosher automobile, inasmuch as he planned to call on Louise Putnam. This, as much as there was of it, was certainly the truth.

It was by the merest chance that Asa took his clarinet into town with him. When he went out by the front porch, he saw the case lying—here and decided that it was as easy to take it out to the car as to return it to his room. If, at that moment he had any notion of assisting Jerry Bingo's Swingaters, it was strictly a subconscious hope.

On the way into town young Asa Mosher sang as he drove. He did more. He accompanied himself with imitations of clarinets and brasses and snare drums—and even a nasal guitar. It was Asa Mosher's Swing-High Band swinging it, digging it out. It was, literally, Asa Mosher's Swing-High Band riding to town.

WHEN Asa reached the Putnam home, he was in high spirits. Not even the somewhat dour countenance of Mr. Putnam dampened him. He knew that Mr. Putnam's men was looking for him rather than by mood, and he was feeling too good to recognize that on this particular night the Putnam face was grim with a special sort of gruminess.

"Hello, Asa," said Mr. Putnam pleasantly enough—for Mr. Putnam. "Mrs. Putnam's in the kitchen and Louise is upstairs getting ready for you, aren't the folks?"

"They're well, thank you."

"Where," asked Mr. Putnam when they had settled themselves in the front room, "do you and Louise plan to go tonight?"

"Well . . . Asa hesitated a moment, and then he was saved by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Putnam. His relief was indeed great, for Louise's father was a deacon of his church and Asa was not at all certain what his attitude toward swing music might be. Asa rose hastily to say good evening to Mrs. Putnam.

"How are you, Asa? Louise will be down presently," Mrs. Putnam turned toward the hall and called, "Louise . . ."

Miss Putnam's daughter drifted down to them, and soon thereafter Louise herself descended. Asa's heart skipped a beat, as it

always did when he encountered Louise Putnam. She looked particularly lovely tonight, he thought. Her dress was a cool green, and in her hair was a pretty bow of green ribbon to match. She would be the best-looking girl at the dance—and could she shag! Many an hour, in the older Putnam's absence, had she and Asa practiced by radio or by the electric phonograph down at The Terminal.

"You had a rival tonight," mentioned Mrs. Putnam shyly. "Horace McVay telephoned Louise and wanted her to go out."

"Oh!" said Asa with a show of surprise. "Did he?" The fact was that Asa wasn't at all astonished. Horace McVay had been skimming for Louise's attention for several months—with what Asa hoped was only haphazard success. But, living on the farm as he did, Asa could never be too certain.

"Horace McVay is a nice boy," said Mr. Putnam. "He's taking a Sunday school class now." Louise's father looked hard at Asa, as if he felt that young Mr. Mosher might well take a Sunday school class of his own. Asa squirmed inside. He wanted to tell Mr. Putnam half a dollar that Horace McVay would be right on deck tonight while Jerry Bingo's Swingaters were in action. But he thought better of offering the wager.

In the Mosher car, Louise said, "Do you really think we ought to go to the dance?"

Asa was aghast at such a question. "Why—why, you wouldn't think of missing Jerry Bingo's band, would you?"

"Well . . . no. But some people in town don't like the idea of his coming here, you know."

Asa nodded. "I know. My dad thinks you're crazy if you talk about swing. The trouble is, they just don't feel it, that's all. Benny Goodman says you've got to feel it, or it doesn't mean anything to you. That's what he said in a magazine article."

"I think my father would be angry if he knew that we're going to Jerry Bingo's dance," Louise lapsed into a worried silence. At last she spoke. "Reverend Carter said something about swing last Sunday, and my father always pays attention to what Reverend Carter says. But I don't see what they find wrong with it. I remember when my sister used to go to dances—when they played straight jazz. They danced cheek to cheek then and held each other real close."

"You can't do that with swing," said Asa fervently. "Golly, when the cats start riding, you got to start pecking and posing. You haven't got any time for this cheek-to-cheek stuff!"

BUT Louise, unfortunately, wasn't catching Asa's enthusiasm. "I don't know . . . she said. "Maybe we could just look in. I'd like to see what Jerry Bingo is like, anyway—and maybe hear some of his music. Then we could leave."

"That's okay," Asa looked at his watch. "We're kind of early. What say we drop by The Terminal and have a soda?"

The Terminal was crowded with other young people like themselves—excited couples from town and country. Asa and Louise found a booth near the back of the confectionery shop and ordered up two chocolate ice-cream sodas. They had just separated the deep brown from the globes of ice cream when Horace McVay sauntered up to their booth.

"Hi, alligators," he said. "Mind if I sit down?"

"Sure we mind," said Asa with a somewhat gay impoliteness which he hoped Horace would take seriously. But Horace didn't. He sat down—next to Louise.

"Say, Asa, I looked in your car outside and saw that clarinet case. Not figuring on letting Jerry Bingo in on some of your secrets?"

Young Mr. Mosher flushed. "What's the idea of pecking in cars? Afraid you'll miss something?"

"I don't miss much," said Horace expansively.

"You're going to miss us," said Asa, showing his ice-cream soda glass away. "Come on, Louise. Let's go."

Louise got up. "Good night, Horace."

Outside, Louise said, "I don't know why you were so rude to Horace."

"I don't like noisy people. And I don't like fellows who can't find their own girls."

"Horace tried to make a date with me tonight," said Louise. "You happened to have asked me already." She added with feminine consistency, "Horace asked me, and I couldn't go, and if he didn't want to ask anybody else, I think that's nice."

Asa did not reply. They were nearing the hall and the strains of Jerry Bingo's band were audible. Gently Asa nosed the car to the curb, turned off the ignition, and listened.

"Gosh," he said. "Get that?"

To many it would have been only a blast of reed and brass and primitive beat, but to Asa it was Swing. Other nearby Louises were in a neat streak, saying, "He's got the hot licks, that's what he's got. We'll have to swing out one."

"Let's watch awhile," Louise proposed by way of cotrimosome.

Asa and Louise went inside and stood by the wall. The whackies of Weston and Athens it was. Jerry Bingo, who was moving his feet in there peeling the apple, beating it down, shagging to town. Even the more conservative couples, who had been raised on the tiddle and the camel walk or maybe the two-step, were giving their outmoded routines a little something extra. And beyond, on the platform, were seven musicians—and Jerry Bingo, himself, who was moving his clarinet as a baton. Suddenly he stopped waving his cobstick, raised his head, set the reed between his lips, and blew.

"Listen to that!" whispered Asa. "Come on, Louise. It won't hurt to go once around."

"Well . . . They went once around, then twice. The band started again, and it started up again to the tune of "My Gal Sal." Asa and Louise danced that one, too. After that they lost count.

IT was none other than Jerry Bingo who singled them out as being hep cats. And Bingo did it in a most subtle way. Directing his Swingaters with one hand, he pointed to Asa and Louise with his clarinet. Couples began to watch them. Some stopped dancing altogether. Finally a circle formed around Louise and Asa, who were intent on grinding the apple, outswinging them all.

Jerry Bingo was having the time of his life. He liked it when he discovered a real jitterbug in the provinces. And Asa Mosher was a genuine rug-cutter if Jerry Bingo had ever seen one.

Someone called to the band leader. "He can play the reed, too. You ought to hear him!"

Jerry Bingo said he'd like to. The others began to urge Asa and the reed. They knew he had brought in his clarinet and was standing in front of the band. "You take over the cats this dance," Bingo said magnanimously. "Perhaps your lady friend will beat this one down with me." Asa hesitated, but Louise knew how much he wanted to take over that band and she nodded encouragement. "Go ahead, Asa. I'd like to dance with Mr. Bingo. Why don't you play 'Ti-Pi-Ti'?"

It was the moment of which Asa Mosher had dreamed, and now that it had come, he could hardly believe it. He had to draw a long breath to keep from fainting then and there. Hearsely he said to the band, "Ti-Pi-Ti." The band did the rest. They needed no leading. They swung it out, each man for himself. It was a clambake of the first order. Then Asa raised his licorice stick and started sending. (Please turn to page 9)

into thin slices to make thin finger sandwiches. Vary filling in each strip. Stack and reconstruct strips; fit into crust chest, reconstructing original block of bread. Replace crust lid; wrap in wax paper, then in damp cloth until time to be used. Makes approximately 5 dozen sandwiches.

FILLINGS FOR TEA CHEST

ALMOND AND OLIVE— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded toasted almonds, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped stuffed green olives, and mayonnaise.

FRESH MUSHROOM— $\frac{1}{4}$ pound chopped raw mushrooms, mayonnaise, lemon juice, and salt.

CREAM CHEESE AND PARSLEY—1 package cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely cut parsley, lemon juice, grated onion, and mayonnaise.

EGG AND WATER CRESS—2 hard-cooked eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped water cress, mayonnaise, lemon juice, prepared mustard, and salt.

NASTURTIUM LEAVES—Whole leaves with mayonnaise or butter.

CUCUMBER AND ONION—Thinly sliced rings of cucumber with combined grated onion and mayonnaise.

SALAD CIRCLES

Dainty and refreshing

Top fried bread rounds with thin slice of tomato and teaspoonful of chicken or crab salad. Garnish with stuffed olive slice or parsley sprig.

CHEESE AND POPPY SEED SLICES

A bit different

Spread toast bars with mixture of $\frac{1}{4}$ cups grated American cheese, 1 egg, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Sprinkle with poppy seeds. Broil.

MAPLE DATE NUT BREAD

A tea triumph

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups oil-	1 cup chopped
pumpkin flour	dates
3 tbsp. baking	1 cup boiling
powder	water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple-
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole	flavored syrup
wheat flour	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped	2 tbsp. melted
pecan nuts	shortening

Sift flour; measure; sift again with baking powder and salt; and add whole wheat flour and chopped nut meats. Soak dates in boiling water; combine syrup, beaten egg, dates, water, and shortening; and stir quickly and lightly into dry ingredients. Bake in well greased loaf pan (8x4x3) 50 to 60 minutes, or until done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Makes 1 loaf.

ORANGE SUGARED WALNUTS

Pecans will do as well

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	orange rind
3 tbsp. orange	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut
juice	halves

Combine sugar, water, and orange juice. Cook rapidly to soft ball stage, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat; add rind and walnuts. Stir until creamy. Turn out immediately onto waxed paper or greased baking sheet. Separate well. Makes about 1 pound.

JELLIED TEA SALAD

Mold in paper ramekins

3 pkg. lime-	3 cups grapefruit
flavored gelatin	sections
2 cups hot water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups thinly
4 cups grapefruit	sliced celery
juice	1 cup sliced
	stuffed olives

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add fruit juice. Chill until thick and syrupy. Add grapefruit sections, celery, and olives. Pour into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce; garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 25. (Note: Thinly sliced cucumber may be added.)



Tea TRIUMPHS

HISTORICALLY speaking, the Boston Tea Party was the most renowned of all. But considered socially, tea parties may be renowned, too. The charm of the hostess, the congeniality of the guests, and the deliciousness of the food all contribute to making a tea successful, but behind these factors is the necessity for careful planning.

We are talking, of course, of large teas, given for at least 25 guests. Do we hear someone say, "I could never afford to entertain that many?" Really, teas are about the most economical way there is to entertain. To prove our point, we planned and gave an elaborate tea for 50 guests. Including decorations and all, it cost less than ten dollars.

Although the cost was remarkably low for this type of tea, its attractiveness was not sacrificed because it was so carefully and so perfectly planned ahead of time that the corners were cut before the tea and not at it.

We chose the Victorian theme for this special tea, because it lent the atmosphere and charm of a gracious era, and, as the picture shows, because this theme best fitted our particular setting.

A month before the tea was given, our guest list was made out and invi-

Julia Lee Wright

MODERN CANNING—It's here—the safe method of preserving your own food. The new book, "The Art of Canning," by Julia Lee Wright, is the most complete and up-to-date guide to the art of canning. It covers all the latest developments in the art, including the use of the new canning machines, and gives directions for the canning of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, and poultry. There are new and old recipes.

Send request for catalog, price, quantity, delivery, and terms to the publisher, The Family Circle Magazine, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 42. The Family Circle Magazine, Oakland, California.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE

tations were written. (They were mailed two weeks before the tea.) Then came the planning of the menu, the borrowing of additional silver and china, and the enlistment of friends to help in the serving, pouring, and receiving. With preliminaries well organized, work sheets were made out for the last week before the tea. Three days before the deadline, the food was ordered, the maple date nut bread and cookies were baked, and the citrus peel and walnuts were prepared. Housecleaning took most of the next day.

On the morning of the eventful day, all the sandwiches were made and wrapped in a damp towel to keep them fresh till afternoon. Next came the setting of the table. A lace tablecloth, in keeping with the Victorian theme, was used. Tall white tapers shed their glow upon the silver and added a subdued sparkle to the occasion, and calla lilies lent their classic grace to the decorative scheme. Around the ribbon-bedecked Sandwich Tea Chest, we grouped other dainty foods which are given here in the Special Tea menu.

The Sandwich Tea Chest is a lovely way of serving sandwiches as any party. We've given detailed instructions for making it from a loaf of sandwich bread, but we'll add a hint of warning here. The sandwiches made from the block taken from the inside of the bread must be fitted back into the hollowed-out loaf in exactly the same position that they were first. To avoid getting mixed up, each separate sandwich should be made and replaced before slices for the next one are cut.

The other menus given here are less elaborate, yet fully as tempting and delightful. They are particularly ideal for club or church teas as well as for private parties, because as many as 50 guests may be served for as little as five dollars, and if you're fortunate enough to have wild flowers, ivy, or ferns which may be used in place of cut flowers, then even greater economy is possible.

But whether the tea is a formal or informal gathering, the hours are usually from two to four or from four to six in the afternoon. Large teas are sometimes given from two to six and the hours on the invitations are staggered so that the guests will drop in throughout the afternoon and not all arrive at once. At informal teas as well as formal ones, the hostess and her assistants may wear afternoon dresses or tea gowns.

Although some men have been known to steer clear of these afternoon gatherings, there is no reason why they should not be invited. When they're present, the food served is hardly as fussy as at an all-feminine party but it is equally dainty.

No matter what type of tea you're planning on giving, assure yourself of its success by a bit of planning beforehand. These menus and recipes from our testing kitchen should go a long way, too, toward making your teas triumphant.



Julia Lee Wright



AUGUST 19TH

MENUS

(*Star means recipe is given)

SPECIAL TEA

- *Sandwich Tea Chest
- *Sliced Cakes
- *Cheese and Puffy Seed Sticks
- *Maple Date Nut Bread Sandwiches
- Frosted Brownies
- *Nifty Nappies
- *Orange Sugared Walnuts
- Candied Citrus Peel
- Tea and Coffee

SALAD TEA

- *Jellied Tea Salad
- Brown Bread Sandwich Rounds
- with Cream Cheese
- Sandwich Fingers with Parsley Butter
- Devil's Food Squares with
- Puffy White Icing
- Salted Nuts
- Mints
- Tea and Coffee

DESSERT TEA

- Cherry Cream in
- Fancy Paper Cups
- Tiny Butter Cookies
- Salted Nuts
- Tea and Coffee

SANDWICH TEA

- Open-faced Sandwiches
- Thinly sliced with cream
- cheese edging, meat salad,
- tomato or cucumber slices
- with mayonnaise
- Salted Sandwiches
- (Sea food salad with pickle center,
- water crast, toasted cheese with
- asparagus tip center)
- Oilseed Bread and Butter
- Sandwiches
- Sponge Cupcakes with Whipped
- Cream and Fruit Filling
- Salted Nuts
- Tea, Coffee, and Soufflé

SANDWICH TEA CHEST

Use fresh 2-lb. unsliced loaf of sandwich bread. Slice off long top crust in one piece, about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Loosen bottom of block by inserting knife $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from bottom and side crust. Push knife through loaf until point just reaches opposite crust. Carefully cut across loaf to completely loosen bottom of block, thereby making only one slit in crust the length of the loaf. Loosen block of bread from sides of loaf by carefully cutting around loaf, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick crust. Lift out, leaving framework of crust. Cut block into strips 1 inch wide; then cut each strip

"Kitchening"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these useful, attractive binders and pet recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, attractive binders and pet recipes of your own cook book. We're offering "Kitchening" at a special price for only 25c in coin or stamps. Please write to Julia Lee Wright, 200 Madison Avenue, The Family Circle Magazine, New York, New York.

ASA SWINGS IT

(Continued from page 6)

ASA heard the shouting only dimly at first, and then more clearly. He supposed it was for his music and because the joint was jumping. Then suddenly he realized that it was a different kind of shouting. He turned to find every couple in the hall standing still.

"Stop that music!"

It was Clarence Arden, the town marshal, and he was full of authority. Asa watched him in horror—but his emotion at that moment was nothing compared with his feelings a split second later when he saw the group of upright citizens—Mr. Putnam among them—who were trailing the marshal.

"I could arrest all of you," said Marshal Arden. "But I'll be easy and let all you dancers go on home. Who's the boss of this orchestra?"

Jerry Bingo looked flabbergasted. "I am, Officer. But what's wrong here? I paid for the use of this hall. You can't do this!" "I can't, can I?" Marshal Arden glared. "We've got an ordinance here on the books that isn't used much—but we've got it! And it was called to my attention tonight by some of our law-abiding citizens." He turned and waved a hand toward the group which had followed him inside. "Henry Putnam, here, and Fred Lancaster and Horace McVay."

Horace McVay! The name seared into Asa's brain.

"We've got a statute," Marshal Arden went on in a loud voice, "which says that nobody who is not a bona fide citizen of Weston, Umatilla County, Oregon, can lead an orchestra for public dances unless he pays a license fee of \$75. Do you want to pay for that license now, or do you?"

Mr. Bingo did some rapid calculating. "I do not!"

"Then you'll have to pay a fine of \$25 for the time you've been violating the ordinance and you'll have to quit here and now!"

Jerry Bingo's voice joined the mumble which went up from the till now swing-happy contingent. But he knew when he was licked. He reached for his wallet and forked over the \$25 fine.

While all this had been going on, Asa Mother had had time to get over the surprise and shock of the interruption. Now an inspired idea came to him. "Wait a minute!" he shouted. "We don't have to stop this dance! I'm a bona fide citizen of Weston and I can lead the orchestra. I move we chip in and pay back Jerry Bingo's fine. We all know that Marshal Arden wouldn't have bothered about a little swing music if—if certain people hadn't forced him to."

There was a cheer, and Asa was almost certain that Marshal Arden winked in his direction. Then Asa saw Mr. Putnam stalking toward him. "Young man," thundered Mr. Putnam, "I'm taking my daughter home at once! And I cannot say enough in condemnation of your duplicity in bringing her here!"

Asa's heart sank. He wondered if he would be able to go on until midnight, leading the Swingers—leading them with a broken heart mixed up inside of him. Perhaps it would help if—if—

"Ladies and gentlemen," Asa called, "before the next number there will be a short intermission." He then ran out the side door through which he had seen Horace McVay make his exit.

WHEN Asa re-entered a few minutes later, his necktie was hanging loosely and there was a dark blotch under his left eye. But he felt better. To put it more accurately, he felt considerably better. Horace McVay had looked pretty funny sitting there in the vacant lot and saying, "Okay—okay! I've had enough!"

Jerry Bingo shouldered Asa on the shoulder.

(Please turn to page 16)

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE APPETITES



Smart, young hostess makes big hit by knowing secret of amazing new difference in certain brands of tomato juice. Read how this difference came about . . .

Years ago, a Southern woman, Mrs. Anna R. Stokely, raised prize-winning vegetables on her farm in Tennessee. People liked them so well Mrs. Stokely and her sons began canning them. They originated a new "fresh-tasting" process. It gave a delightful, garden-fresh flavor which people hadn't found in canned vegetables before.

Soon there wasn't enough to supply the demand. Mrs. Stokely was urged to buy and can other vegetables. But with a woman's stubbornness about quality, she refused to use anything but prize-winning vegetables, or can them by any method except her famous "fresh-tasting" process.

Now tomato juice is being put up the Stokely way. Ultra-modern improvements in the famous "fresh-

tasting" process give this tomato juice a tantalizing and delightful flavor few people have thought possible.

And here's a tip! This smart, young hostess, who has made such a hit, didn't "fix" anything. She just served delicious, piquant Stokely's . . . chilled in her refrigerator to bring out its unique, garden-fresh tanginess of flavor. Win cheers from your guests and family with this amazing new tomato juice! Order Stokely's from your grocer today!



FREE! Summertime Surprises!

There are free, specially tested recipes for delightful new variations in tomato juice servings hidden under the label of every can of Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice! One especially will intrigue you—an appetizing new recipe for a piquant, different, tomato juice cocktail.

STOKELY'S FINEST FOODS

VEGETABLES • FRUITS • BABY FOODS



Blind Helen Louise Schell leaves the airliner in which she and her Seeing Eye dog Lyle flew from California to Newark, New Jersey. She is taking Lyle back to the Seeing Eye for recuperation from injuries which the dog suffered in saving her life by jumping in front of a car.

Children now even fly the airlines alone—that isn't unusual any more—and some of them are mere babes in arms. One percent of all air passengers are infants, it is estimated. (There were 1,150,000 air travelers last year.) Actual statistics are not available because babies under two years of age, if accompanied by an adult, are flown free of charge. (Incidentally, a baby who travels alone pays full fare and has a seat or a berth all his own. Reservations for babies should be made in advance—just as for grownups. Children from two to 12 pay half fare, whether accompanied by an adult or not.)

THREE air transport companies—American Airlines, Transcontinental & Western Air, and United Air Lines—have found the stewardess system not only satisfactory but highly profitable in increasing passenger good will. Eastern Air Lines employs stewards—smartly uniformed young men who, although they may not be able to perform all the duties of a registered nurse, are most capable in meeting unusual situations. All stewardesses are required to be registered nurses not because airline officials are afraid passengers will suffer from ill effects in

traveler with an eagle eye, and sees to it that he gets precisely what the doctor ordered. Frequently the feeding formula is sent along with Junior in a thermos bottle; if not, the ingredients and full directions ordinarily come with the child. Even incubator babies have been borne aloft in airliners, and on one occasion two such infants crossed the country in the same plane.

Often the service of transport planes and the nurse-stewardess has been instrumental in saving the lives of children who have swallowed, or almost swallowed, some foreign object. One case was two-year-old Melvin Martin of Blackwell, Oklahoma, who got a screw lodged in his bronchial tube. His mother boarded a plane at Wichita, Kansas, and sped with him to Jefferson Memorial Hospital in Philadelphia. The emergency operation saved Melvin's life.

Recently a four-year-old boy, arriving alone in New York from England on the Queen Mary, flew to Los Angeles in care of a stewardess. The boy's father is a butler in an English family, and his mother, who had come previously to this country, is working in California. On the child's arrival in New York, he was met by an employee of the airline and, before being put on a plane for the West, was taken to see the circus, then playing in Manhattan. It is the policy of some airlines to surround youngsters who are traveling alone with a holiday atmosphere, so that they may be sold to early years on the delights of flying. If there is no circus to be seen, the child is taken to a movie, a museum, or a sports event, so that his journey by air shall be a red-letter event for him.

A COUPLE of years ago another youngster flew to meet his mother, but they had never previously seen each other. The explanation of that paradox is that the woman, who lived in Dallas, Texas, had lost her own child, and had adopted another by correspondence. The baby, who lived in the Middle West, was sent to his new mother by plane. He arrived, as it happened, on January 1—a New Year's gift out of the sky.

The first baby to fly alone on an airliner from New York to Los Angeles had lost his mother when he was born. He was being sent to live with his grandmother, and the family physician had advised that the trip be made by plane. Enough could be done for the child before he left so that his only requirement during the 17-hour flight would be food. Or that, at least, was the expectation.

It developed, however, that although the young and inexperienced father had tried to think of everything, he had forgotten one highly essential item. (Or better, the plural—items.) There were no diapers in the baby's luggage.

The stewardess, when she discovered the lack, reported an emergency to the pilot. He in turn radioed ahead to the landing field in Omaha. Diapers were bought, rushed to the field, and were awaiting the plane when it landed. Through a mistake, however, the package had been opened before it was picked up by the young co-pilot, and laughter followed him when he strode back to the plane with the white squares fluttering from under his arm. He was embarrassed and angry when he handed the diapers to the stewardess, but then he chanced to look down at the tiny red face surrounded by blankets and he couldn't help grinning. "Doggone it," he

(Please turn to page 22)

PLANE CARGOES, ASSORTED

YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT'S FLY-

ING OVERHEAD IN THESE DAYS.

IT MAY BE BABIES, DOGS, FISH,

POSIES, LOBSTERS, ANTELOPES,

MONKEYS, OYSTERS, OR PANDAS.

BUT PROBABLY NOT A PYTHON

BY ANABEL PARKER McCANN

IT used to be "Rock-a-hye baby in the tree-top," but that's old stuff now. Baby doesn't find his top in a tree these days. He hits the ceiling at about 10,000 feet in a luxury airliner, snoring along at something like 200 miles an hour.

Although airlines have not exactly set themselves up in the aerial kindergarten business, they have become infant-conscious. Moreover, they are well prepared to look after babies, because all their stewardesses are registered nurses, who should be as capable of taking care of children as their own mothers. And often there is more than one child at a time to take care of. For instance, the two girls who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Calvery in Chicago.

Mrs. Calvery, of course, was there. But business had taken Mr. Calvery to Daytona, Florida, before the birth of his daughters. Six weeks passed, during which Mr. Calvery, still in Daytona, naturally grew more and more impatient to see his newborn. So plans were made for the transportation of mother and twins to the South.

Everything went off without a hitch. The stewardess took the trio—Mrs. Calvery and her babies—in charge as soon as they boarded the plane at Chicago, and it was smooth sailing (or rather, flying) from then on. They arrived at Daytona within a few hours—rested, well fed, and having been under expert care all the way.

flying, but rather because the rigid training and discipline which is necessary to achieve an R. N. rating has been found to fit young women exceptionally well for aerial jobs.

A baby really isn't much of a problem to a stewardess. When unaccompanied by its mother, the child comes aboard the plane fully documented as to food formula and other necessities, and the stewardess, of course, knows how to follow the instructions for the child's care. She watches the young



Is this a little girl with her Woolly Dog in her bed at home? It is not. It's a little girl waiting to be tucked into her sky berth 10,000 feet up.



One of the large airlines has stewards instead of stewardesses as its planes. But playing mother to flying babies doesn't lose these boys a bit.



Mother and baby are all ready to stretch out in their downy full-length berths and catch a little shut eye as they cloud hop along at 200 m.p.h.



Dr. W. Reid Blair, head of the New York Zoological Park, and Dean Sage Jr. (left) take a baby panda from the plane it crossed the country in.



On one occasion, changing diapers on this airline wasn't the cinch it is now. But that was remedied because of an inexperienced father's oversight.



Charles Belden, the Cheyenne, Wyoming, antelope king, sends antelopes by plane from his ranch to zoos here and there. Note heads in the window.

SUE SUTTON'S
MENUS

Sunday

Tomato Bouillon
Hot Chicken Loaf with
Steamed Rice
Buttered Peas and Carrots
Mixed Melon Ball Salad with
Mayonnaise
Corn Bread Butter
Coffee Bavarian Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Monday

Sliced Cold Chicken Loaf
Buttered Fresh Lima Beans
Fried Sliced Tomatoes
Shredded Lettuce Salad with
Russian Dressing Butter
Bread Melon Slices
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Beef and Mushroom Kabobs
Sautéed Corn and Green
Pepper
Combination Vegetable Salad
with Salad Dressing
Bread Butter
Rice Custard with Meringue
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Broiled Steak
French Fried Potatoes
Buttered Boiled New Onions
Water Cress and Cucumber
Salad with French Dressing
Toasted Bread Butter
Berry Roll with Lemon Sauce
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

Thursday

Heated Canned Vienna
Sausages
Potato Balls in Cream Sauce
Buttered Swiss Chard
Pickled Beet Salad with
French Dressing
Rolls Butter
Vanilla Rennet Dessert with
Chocolate Sauce
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Friday

Cheese Biscuit Ring Filled with
Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs,
Peas, and Carrots, Garnished
with Buttered Asparagus
Crisp Combination Vegetable
Salad with Vinegar and
Oil Dressing
Biscuits Butter
Green Apple Graham Pie
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Assorted Cold Meats with
Mustard Mayonnaise
Escalloped Dried Lima Beans
Sliced Tomatoes and
Cucumber with Chili
Sauce French Dressing
French Rolls Butter
Watermelon Slices
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

biscuit dough and bake it in a ring shape. For bread on this menu, I suggest that you make enough extra dough for biscuits.

HOT CHICKEN LOAF

Good the year round

½ cup chopped mushrooms	1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon onion juice
¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk	¼ teaspoon celery salt
2 eggs	Pepper
1 cup chopped cooked chicken	Nutmeg
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	

Saute mushrooms in melted butter; add bread crumbs and milk; and cook about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; add slightly beaten egg yolks and remaining ingredients; mix well; and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in well greased loaf pan in pan of hot water 35 minutes, or until set, in moderate oven (350° F.). Unmold on hot platter to serve. Serve with lemon drawn butter sauce. Serves 6.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

The tempting kind

6 medium-size potatoes Shortening

Peel potatoes; cut into strips lengthwise about ¼ inch wide. Wash in several waters until water is clear; let stand in ice water 30 minutes to crisp. Drain thoroughly. Fry small quantities 3 to 5 minutes, or until golden brown, turning constantly, in deep fat hot enough to brown 1-inch cube of bread in 40 seconds (390° F.). Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with salt. Serve hot. Serves 6.

GREEN APPLE GRAHAM PIE

Sure to be enjoyed

½ cup butter	Green applesauce (recipe follows)
2 cups graham cracker crumbs	

Soften butter; cream until pliable; add cracker crumbs, about ½ cup at a time, working into butter thoroughly. Dump mixture into 9-inch pie pan; with hands pack sides well, at least ¼ inch thick. Pack bottom of pan; build up sides to form thick crust at curve of pan. Bake 15 minutes, or until lightly browned, in moderate oven (350° F.). Cool; fill with green applesauce. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

GREEN APPLESauce

6 to 8 medium-size green apples	Sugar
---------------------------------	-------

Wash apples; cut into quarters. Remove stems and blossoms. Cook slowly in water to cover about 30 minutes, or until soft. Force through sieve; add sugar to taste.

MUSTARD MAYONNAISE

Dressing or relish

½ cup whipping cream	½ cup prepared mustard
1 cup mayonnaise	

Whip cream; fold in mayonnaise and mustard. Makes 2 cups dressing.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

REMEMBER how we used to string a variety of gaily colored beads, alternating the colors? Well, that gives you an idea how the beef and mushroom kabobs, suggested for Tuesday, are strung on skewers for broiling. One-inch cubes or slices of beef are alternated with whole mushrooms and thin slices of bacon, then placed about three inches under the broiler and cooked to a tempting juicy-

ness. For uniform and thorough cooking, they should be turned frequently. Fresh whole kernel corn is sautéed to a delicate brown with chopped green pepper to accompany these delicious kabobs.

For Friday, hard-cooked eggs are served with new carrots and green peas in a rich cream sauce inside a cheese biscuit ring. To make this ring, add a generous amount of grated cheese to



**RITZ CRACKERS AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS
JUST NATURALLY GO TOGETHER**

AND no wonder! You'll discover why with your very first bite. Ritz has a nut-like flavor that tickles the palate—makes the best drinks taste better. Clever hostesses "plan Ritz" when they plan parties, because they've learned that no other cracker can match the popularity of this crisp, golden-brown delight.

But don't wait for parties. Everything goes well with Ritz. You'll find Ritz delicious for appetizing snacks or with a 7-course dinner. Order a package from your grocer today!



Look for this Seal of Perfect Baking which identifies products of **NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

"A FUNNY OLD BIRD
IS THE PELICAN . . ."
YES, AND A SEA GULL
ISN'T ANY LAME DUCK
IN INTEREST, EITHER

BY OREN ARNOLD

SOME of us can remember back to 1921 when little Jane Sanders disappeared from home down the Texas coast. That was before kidnapping became common, yet Jane seemed to have been stolen. Texans were deeply interested, and the newspaper for which I then worked sent me to cover the story. Jane, age 6, had been missing for a day and a night when I got to her home town.

It turned out that she really had been kidnapped, and when she came safely home she put the finger right on the culprit. I took a picture of him.

He was a bad-looking character, believe

me, Pel about to alight at nest with food for young, to be served to a pouch. Note pleased expression

me! He was large and powerful, with sort of squint eyes. And yet he was docile enough. Nobody handcuffed him. And for that matter, he never even came to trial. Jane herself rather liked him.

She named him Mr. Pel, for he was a pelican. His peculiar crooked neck and his fantastic beak with the pouch under it had interested Jane greatly. He hadn't been afraid of her—pelicans aren't much afraid of people—and when he waddled from the mainland across an ankle-deep bit of water onto a long island, Jane had followed. The tide had come up and made the water much deeper. Jane had wandered on half a mile or so and disappeared among some rocks and sand piles. Her parents had thought her stolen from their front yard.

"Didn't you get awfully lonesome all by yourself, Jane?" I asked her.

"No, sir," she replied. "The birds kept me company."

"What birds?"

"The pelicans and the gulls. Do you know

Happy landings! (Both photos, by Lewis Wayne Walker of San Diego Natural History Museum)

that's a mean-looking hawk at the tip of Mr. Pel's beak, but apparently he never sees it to offend. Next time when gulls attack him to steal his food, and you can see how they're able to snatch whole fish right out of his mouth when he forgets that sound advice about the wisdom of keeping one's mouth shut

the pelican poem? 'A funny old bird is the pelican, his beak can hold more than his belly can, he puts in his beak enough food for a week but I don't see how with the hell can.'"

You get that sort of thing when you interview very young women, but no matter. Jane had got a little hungry, she admitted, but not lonely. Searchers had found her in time. Pelicans had come to squat near her and cock their heads on one side and stare. A million gulls more or less had fluttered around her, laughing. Gulls do laugh, incidentally; their principal voice is a noisy "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" Little Jane had thought it great fun.

PELICANS and gulls, not hatching beauties, are the official greeters when you go to the seacoast—Chamber of Commerce billboards to the contrary notwithstanding. The inquisitive lady may not be there to welcome you if you are an average man, not the handsome lifeguard if you are an average woman. But this need not make your

San Diego's Skipper Joe Dixon feeding pelicans. He swears some are relatives or former shipmates



(Above) This remarkable oil-on-canvas picture was treasured from shipboard after a passenger had thrown a piece of bread out to three gulls winging about the rigging. The pelicans, however, caused by changing direction suddenly it light to go after bread, which can be seen below long horizontal wing. (Right corner) It looks as if Mr. Pel has got something there—maybe he's just kidding himself under the wing to have a good laugh

(Right, above) Mrs. Pel snags her mind to the Old Man, and he takes it in the most infuriating way a male too takes in the jawing of his spouse—with tolerant acquiescence and no bickering. At any rate, don't they remind you of folks you know?

Large pelicans have about a sea-fowl wingspread, and this one, which has one wing out and his right foot tucked back, would have at least 10 feet. The pictures on this page were taken in New York City's Central Park and one of white pelicans. This bird would now be called a "white pelican" but has been protected by the Government of the Audubon Societies' investigation

that's a mean-looking hawk at the tip of Mr. Pel's beak, but apparently he never sees it to offend. Next time when gulls attack him to steal his food, and you can see how they're able to snatch whole fish right out of his mouth when he forgets that sound advice about the wisdom of keeping one's mouth shut



vacation barren of beauty or interest, and you can really relax at the seacoast in the presence of the extremely sociable pelicans and gulls. You'll find the latter everywhere, and pelicans from Oregon around to the Carolinas.

No bird is more beautiful on the wing than the sea gull. Its lifting and drifting and sailing and soaring can best be described only by that timeless phrase, the poetry of motion. It can alight on water or land and take off from either with equal facility. It seems to be able to react on the strong sea breezes—to float aimlessly on them just for the sheer joy of doing so.

The pelican is by no means so awkward as his form suggests. With a considerable flapping effort he manages to take off, after that he does all right in the air, with a wingspread of often as much as ten feet. It is true that the sander gulls perch sometimes on his very beak or back while he is flying, but he seems to have achieved a philosophy of complacent ease. He tolerates the smaller creatures with far more patience than man would show.

For additional proof, consider the matter of eating. A pelican is unusually interesting to watch at mealtime. Under his beak is a "suitcase"—a pouch which can hold half a dozen or more sizable fish. The big yellow diver into the water, scoops out a fish, flips over to a convenient rock to eat it.

Whoooozzz—bing! One or more gulls are there!

They dive at his head and strike him. They squawk and cry "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" They peck at him and flap their wings all over his head. In surprise or indignation the bigger bird of course opens his mouth—and the gulls grab his fish!

You may observe a pelican thus robbed as many as six or eight times in succession. (Please turn to page 10)

PELS AND GULLS

(Continued from page 15)

He will not take offense at the gulls. Each time he will appear not quite to understand what has happened. He will stand and stare for a minute or two. Then he will ponderously flap away, scoop out another fish, and fly back—only to have the process repeated. Incidentally, it is almost impossible for an onlooker to worry about the state of the saloon, or anything else, while enjoying such a nature comedy.

ODDLY enough, few persons really know anything about these most common coastal birds. Recent interviews with nearly 1,000 vacationists at a California resort indicated that. Some identified terns and other sea birds as gulls, and pelicans were frequently mislabeled storks. (Imagine your baby being delivered by a pelican!) After hearing about that condition of things, I decided to go first to the library and then into the field and see what I could learn about what might be called pelicanology and sea gullery.

The first significant fact I uncovered is that there is a limerick about the gull in addition to the familiar one about the pelican. Little Jane Sanders had not mentioned that to me, so if you are listening in, Jane, here's the way it goes:

*A gay old sport is the sea gull,
But the gayest one is the he gull
He goes on long flights
For days and for nights—
Which is hard on his wife, the she gull.*

As usual with folk poetry, there is truth in this. The he gull does his himself out across the ocean whenever the mood hits him. But the implication that the she gull pines away at home is inaccurate. Actually, the lady is an adventurer herself and goes where she darns pleasures, which is pretty far.

Both he and she gulls will appear unexpectedly on the mast of your ship when you are in mid-Atlantic or mid-Pacific. Sometimes a small flock of them will adopt your ship, stay near it all the way to Europe or Asia just to get the garbage which is periodically thrown out of the galleys.

Sailors are superstitious and sentimental about gulls, and some sailors would even take a poke at you if you were needlessly to injure one. Gulls do no earthly harm. On the contrary, they do much good by patrolling the waterfront, eating the great mass of offal and waste which would otherwise so contaminate our small inlets and bays as to preclude our use of them for swimming. And although gulls are natural scavengers, they are remarkably clean. Whenever a gull soils his beautiful feather coat, he immediately flies off for a bath somewhere.

Gulls also catch and eat live fish. But they do not dive far under, as the terns do; they catch careless surface fish such as herring. A kittiwake fish, however, dives more than some other species. (There are about 50 species of gulls in all.) Kittiwakes will follow a whale to get the fish which the whale lets slip out of its mouth. All species of gulls swim perfectly. Some can settle down on the deepest, roughest water and go to sleep, truly rocked in the cradle of the deep. You can see them bobbing corklike up and down. When hunger comes, they rise and fish.

ONE species, the burgo-master gull of poetic fame, is ferocious. He will eat other gulls' eggs, small birds, and even attack and kill adults of his own kind. And you may have heard the story that gulls

take clams or other mollusks up in the air and drop them onto rocks or hard sand to break the shells, so that they can get at the meat. This story is often told as a joke, but it is true.

If a flock of gulls decide to go inland, they may spend a season on a farm. Sometimes they will follow close behind the farmer's plow, gobbling angleworms and grubs and keeping the farmer company. And field mice—gulls love them! Mice were destroying vast alfalfa fields in Nevada in 1907, when news of it got around in the gull kingdom. The sea, birds seemed to come from everywhere—and waxed fat in saving the alfalfa.

But the most famed case of this kind occurred in 1848-50. Devout Mormon farmers who had just settled in Utah saw their skies suddenly darkened in 1848 by hordes of black crickets, also called grasshoppers. In countless numbers the creatures ate literally every growing thing—grass, leaves, bark, flowers.



As if in answer to the prayers of devout Mormon farmers for relief when a grasshopper locust plague threatened famine, sea gulls, flying inland for hundreds of miles, came to Utah in 1850, and ate a three-year plague. The grateful Mormons erected this monument in Salt Lake City's Temple Square.

vegetables, field crops. And they came back in 1849.

When the plague started for the third consecutive year, starvation faced the farmers. They could only assemble and pray, which they did. And their prayers were answered by a flock of gulls winging up from the horizon.

Those gulls went berserk with happiness. They gorged and gorged, and more gulls came. And then more and still more until there were many thousands. The insects were cleaned out, the crops in 1850 were saved. However fantastic that may sound, the beautiful bronze monument in Salt Lake City, erected "in grateful memory" of the sea gulls, bears witness that it did happen.

A PELICAN will remind you of your dog; on hot days he will open his great beak and pant. If you are lying on the beach getting blistered, he may eye you from a distance and then flop down right at your feet to inspect you. He harms nothing. He catches a few fish but does not compete with man. Protect him and his kind by all means.

Pelicans are gregarious and sometimes breed in large colonies. They build large nests of sticks, usually on the ground, and often on some high point for protection from waves and enemies. Two to five bluish white eggs will become baby pelicans.



* They're yours for only 25¢. ONE-THIRD REGULAR RETAIL VALUE! with the wrappers from 4 rolls of soft, safe SEMINOLE Genuine EVERSHARP SHEARS, with loose, durable blades, MAINTAINED to pick up needles, pins, etc. spring tension smoothly... helps very expedient handling. Guaranteed to satisfy, or your money back! These free shears and many other things you need are offered to SEMINOLE TISSUE customers. Write for PREMIUM FOLDER today. It's free!



DO YOUR OWN CANNING

"MODERN CANNING," new 48-page booklet, tells all about home canning of fruits, vegetables, meats. Describes most successful methods, temperatures, containers, seals. Includes 86 recipes for jellies, pickles, preserves. Send name, address and 10¢ to Homemakers' Bureau, Box 469-MC, Oakland, California.

ASA SWINGS IT

(Continued from page 5)

"You're all right, kid. And I'll bet that someday you'll have the greatest swing band in the country!" The band leader reached into his pocket and handed Asa a folded piece of paper. "Your girl friend slipped me this, note. It's for you."

Asa unfolded it and read:

Dear Asa:
Don't worry about Father. He'll forget about tonight—but I won't. I think you're wonderful. Also, I think Horace McVay is horrid. Louise

Asa Mosher turned to the band, his face a shining mask. "Now," he said, "we'll finish that number."

He raised his clarinet aloft. He sent the old reed out of the world. He was in the groove. His dreams rose with the rhythm. He would be the greatest band leader in the United States. He would tour all the great cities. And Louise would go with him. All the jitterbugs and sharpies would exclaim, "There goes Mrs. Asa Mosher—wife of the real King of Swing!"

A mother pelican, which will weigh many pounds and have a body up to six feet long (including her crooked neck), seems to love her babies just as dearly as a hummingbird or wren mother does. Mrs. Pel feeds her young, incidentally, by regurgitation. That is, in the mysterious way of nature, predigested fish soup appears in that great pouch which Ma Pel carries, and the baby pels poke their beaks into it for much succulent nourishment. Indulgently, Mrs. Pel will even suffer them to ram their shorter beaks right on down into her gullet, probing for such goodies as they can find there. Apparently they are seldom disappointed.

Anyone interested in pelicans should know about Tiburon Island in the Gulf of Lower California. It is a Mexican island and is inhabited solely by the wild ex-cannibals known as Seri Indians. They eat mostly raw fish and fish grease. They despise white people. They used to worship human skulls and perhaps still do. And—they have a grand festival once a year dedicated to pelicans.

The Seris believe that they are pelican people, descended from these great semitropical birds. A small island adjacent to Tiburon is a pelican breeding ground, and once a year the Seris go there with clubs to slay and eat hundreds of their feathered "ancestors." For the Seris this is high jinks de luxe, but we would find pelican meat too strong for food, and Tiburon Island is no place to be down with a bad attack of indigestion.

AUTHORITIES say that the destruction of pelicans there is of little importance. The greatest danger has been from the utterly senseless killing of them by whites. But for timely intervention by the National Association of Audubon Societies, forcing the setting aside of Federal breeding preserves, the famous white pelican would now be extinct.

And, odd as it seems, starvation sometimes menaces pelicans. Last winter, between San Diego and San Francisco, thousands died because of the scarcity of sardines, herring, and other small fish. A well known San Diego water-front character, Skipper Joe Dixon, fed fish scraps to an average of 500 pelicans a day for six weeks. Joe swears by Davy Jones and all the mermaids who have fallen in love with him that pels are old windjammer sailors and pirates reincarnated. And he's sure that some of the herds he fed are his relatives or former shipmates.

Louisiana is called the Pelican State, and for good reason. It is an excellent place to study the great birds in quantity. And there is even a town named Pelican in Louisiana, and Pelican Lake in Wisconsin, Pelican River in Manitoba, and Pelican Rapids both in Alberta and in Minnesota. Moreover, as you doubtless know, there are countless Gull Islands, Gull Coves, Gull Lakes, and other places named after sea gulls. These two birds are truly significant in North American life and lore.

Maybe you remember, for example, something of the sea captain who was sailing west a long time ago on uncharted waters with a crew which was mutinous because they could sight no land.

"Have faith, men," the captain pleaded. "Yesterday we saw a few gulls. Today there are many more. We must be nearing land."

He was right. The next day Columbus landed, and one of the greatest chapters in history had begun.



*A glorious ham dinner . . .
A new taste discovery to delight
your family*

■ Wouldn't you like a delicious, brand new feast to serve your family . . . a savory "second helping" dinner that will bring gleeful smiles to their faces and showers of praise to you? Well, here it is! Armour's glorious MEAL OF THE MONTH for September.

Success is easy with Armour's Star Ham

This dinner does not depend on a lot of fussy preparation. It is just simple, downright good eating. Do you want your meal to look elegant, and taste nothing short of heavenly? Then use Armour's Star Ham . . . it's the Success-Secret of this work of art! Slow sugar curing, slow fragrant smoking make Armour's Star Ham the delight of expert home-makers the country over. You'll cheer for it, too! Ask your meat merchant for Armour's Star Ham, and serve your family Marie Gifford's latest triumph—the Meal of the Month for September.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

"The Ham What Am"

**ARMOUR'S STAR SLICED HAM helps
balance the family budget**

Here's a way to serve ham that is especially easy on the budget. There's no bone, no rind, no waste in these choice center slices from tenderest hams. Just put them in the broiler for six minutes . . . Delicious "en caserole." Ask your dealer for Armour's Star Sliced Ham . . . as many slices as you need.



ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

Baked in Ginger Ale

*It's ever so easy to prepare if you
follow these simple directions:*

Wrap Star Ham in one of its paper wrappings. Place, fat side up, on rack in any baking pan. Bake in a 300° F. oven 18 minutes to the pound. For a 14-lb ham or larger, use 16 minutes per pound. One hour before done, remove paper and rind. Baste with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ginger ale every 10 to 15 minutes until done. Cover with brown sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, and let glaze for 15 minutes . . . Serve with Ginger Peas topped with whole apricots.

For Peas: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green ale, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice and boil until thick. Pour hot over drained halves of peas from No. 2; can. Let stand several hours. Use syrup as sauce for ham.

MENU

Cream of Mushroom Soup

Armour's Star Ham

(Baked in Ginger Ale)

Ginger Peas—Whole Apricots

Mashed Potatoes—Buttered Beets

Cole Slaw

Applesauce Cake

Coffee



1



1 One might think that Hawaii is the home of pineapples, but the fruit is native to tropical America, and at the time of the Spanish discovery, cultivation of pineapples was well established in that region. Today pineapples are still a staple in the diet of most South American countries, and the pineapple vendor—such as this lad on his burro in Tequila, Mex.—is a common sight.

2 In Paris, the Restaurant du Boar, near the left bank of the Seine, is famous for its meat dish and wild boar. (Incidentally, wild boar is still hunted out far from Paris.) For an advertisement a boar, very dead, is set up in a chair in front of the restaurant by the chef and proprietor, Monsieur Lotoz. With his front legs resting on a table, the boar looks like a customer who has gone to sleep over his newspaper. A line duck, the mascot of the restaurant, is perched on the boar's back, and a sign in front reads "I shall be eaten Tuesday." As it was only Thursday when Family Circle photographer Maria Soudewi took the picture, and as the weather was pretty hot, he decided not to return on Tuesday for a slice of boar roast.

3 Water on the brain is a familiar if uncommon affliction. But is there a doctor in the house who can diagnose without a song? If anything, this Nabob maid of Colombo, Ceylon, it looks like almost a case of orange juice on the brain to us.

4 The gentleman in the flowered costume and belting the muleholders is a fruit vendor in Lucknow, India. Always eager to pass along useful information, we shall risk suggesting California, Colorado, and Arizona and say that none of those principal western producing States discovered their overgrown berry (it came to them, he let the cat out of the bag still further, from India (perhaps even from Lucknow) by way of Egypt and the Old World. King Tet may have eaten melons for breakfast, and they are shown in a Roman painting 3,000 years old. If those are Solanum which the gentleman is holding up, please skip it!

5 A market in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. If there weren't turkeys in the basket, the young man would probably gobble up. (Some pour—ah, kid!)



6



7



8



9



6 A spaghetti company in Naples, Italy, advertises its product with a band. Bands of the spaghetti, with prices marked in large characters, are carried around the streets in a bag, preceded by two drummers, and a boy playing a small drum. The spaghetti is sold by a colorful, cultured generation of men who wear a tall red and green break on his hat, shake a tin rattie.

7 In Istanbul, Turkey, you can buy a light meal from a walking lunchbox. The customer is not doing with his right hand what you might think he's reaching for money.

8 A Palestine merchant haggles over the price of some citrus fruit. The prospective customer is, of course, trying not to get chafed.

9 Not quite up to our standards of refrigeration and cleanliness is this meat stand run by an Indian woman in La Paz, Bolivia. (And now don't say "Aw, I don't Bolivia.")

10 This Lisbon, Portugal, housewife looks so pleased because she has just found a two-kilogram bag at the market, and that's almost the same as getting two fish for the price of one. Until this she discovered that having two heads actually doubled his chances of getting headless. He was looking in the bag about two heads being better than one. For he could, like a breaker, have opened without turning around, and while he was looking where he was going he could also see where he came from.



10

THE REEL DOPE

"PROFESSOR, BEWARE!"

Produced by Harold Lloyd
Directed by Elliott Nugent

CAST—Harold Lloyd, Phyllis Welch, Lionel Stander, William Frawley, Thurston Hall, Cora Witherspoon, Sterling Holloway, Mary Lou Lender, Spencer Charters, Montagu Love, Etienne Girardot, Christian Rub, Gaim Williams, Raymond Wallum.

SITUATION—Harold Lloyd, an Egyptologist, has all but a portion of a series of ancient tablets recounting the love story of an Egyptian couple. The missing portion has never been located, so he doesn't know how the story turned out. Suddenly, through the activities of Phyllis Welch, he finds himself in the same jams as the Egyptian young man in the story. Harold then gets a chance to join a party going to Egypt, but Phyllis has put him in wrong with the law. He skips out, however, and lums his way east to join the party. Phyllis follows. And the amazing coincidental situations continue, until Harold has the jitters.

COMMENT—It has been a long time since the previous Harold Lloyd picture, but his admirers should find "Professor, Beware!" well worth the wait.

The supporting cast has been intelligently chosen and, as usual, Mr. Lloyd has filled even small parts with well-known, competent people. Phyllis Welch, his new leading lady, looks to us as if she has considerable to offer the screen. Besides being easy to look upon, she has ability.

OPINION—Good if you like Harold Lloyd, as we do.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"

Produced by MGM
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II

CAST—Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut, Gladys George, Henry Stephenson, Cora Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Leonard Penn, Albert Van Deker, Alma Kruger, Joseph Calleia, Scotty Beckett, Marilyn Knowlden.

SITUATION—The story of the life and loves of the last Queen of France.

COMMENT—Occasionally I feel justified in squawking long and loudly. This is one of those times. Perhaps I could get more attention by taking the side of the producers in this struggle between Metro and history, but the thought of doing that leaves me as cold as an installment collector's heart. Therefore, I leap in on the side of history.

I'm convinced that if Marie Antoinette knew what has been done to her memory in this opus, she wouldn't merely turn over in her grave—she'd shriek! For Marie, according to all accounts which have passed before my nose in the past 70 years, was no weepy, much-abused woman with a heart of gold. She was, according to those accounts, a trollop and a menace.

Miss Norma Shearer gives a creditable performance as Marie. Especially in the last part of the film. But as good as she is, she

Soiled Russell, Walter Connolly, Olivia de Havilland, and Errol Flynn are those most responsible for keeping the bus bubbling in "Four's a Crowd." Errol has been making love to Rosalind, and now, when it comes out that he and Walter's grand daughter Olivia have long been engaged, Rosalind realizes she's been flybitten.

Actually, the Dauphin (who later became Louis XVI) was only 18 and Marie Antoinette was only 14 when they were joined at Versailles in a marriage which had been arranged for reasons of state by Marie's mother (the Empress of Austria) and Louis XV. Here is the "Marie Antoinette" version of the wedding—with Norma Shearer as Marie, and Robert Morley (whose performance is perfection) as the Dauphin. He looks so glad because he's being dragged into a political marriage when he's not interested in women, would rather be a blacksmith than king

—and everybody else in the cast—is completely overshadowed by Robert Morley, the English actor imported for the role of Louis XVI. Mr. Morley is perfection, giving one of the finest screen performances I have ever seen. And he manages to evoke considerable sympathy for the inept, inarticulate Louis, whose dull wits could not cope with the "deluge," which his grandfather, John Barrymore, promises will come at the end of his, Barrymore's, reign.

Joseph Schildkraut, as the Duc d'Orleans, is excellent. And his make-up is something to astonish you. Tyrone Power unfortunately got lost somewhere during the shooting, but he bobs up at the end in time to get his face in front of the camera before the fadeout. The selection of Mr. Power for the role of the Count de Fersen, Marie's real love, was an obvious box-office move. The part calls for so little ability that anybody could have played it, and the producers needn't have wasted Ty. But if his name in the billing pulls in enough customers who wouldn't otherwise have come, I suppose the producers were right—unless the Power fans go home mad, as I think they will may.

As for the story, it seems to me that too much emphasis is put on Marie Antoinette's sorrows and not enough upon the pitiable plight of the French peasants. And great care was taken to omit the famous "Let them eat cake!" line which Marie is supposed to have said when she was told that the people had no bread. Nothing admirable about that Marie Antoinette! Mr. Van Dyke's direction is not, in my opinion, up to his standard. However, it was a tough assignment.

OPINION—It has moments that are spectacular and others that are moving, and some good performances. But it's no epic.



"FOUR'S A CROWD"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Michael Curtiz

CAST—Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell, Patric Knowles, Walter Connolly, Hugh Herbert, Melville Cooper, Franklin Pangborn, Herman Bing.

SITUATION—Errol Flynn is a press agent trying to land millionaire Walter Connolly as a client. In order to do it, Errol takes back his old job on a newspaper and starts lambasting him. This causes Connolly to complain. Errol meets him, makes love to his granddaughter, Olivia de Havilland, and cheats Connolly into signing a contract with him. Utterly unscrupulous, he double-crosses his girl, Rosalind Russell, and everybody else—even himself.

COMMENT—Though my outline makes the story sound like stern stuff, it is played for broad comedy, with Errol Flynn again proving himself a comedian of unusual merit. Walter Connolly scores in fine fashion as the millionaire who plays with toy trains, and all the rest of the cast, including Hugh Herbert (in a bit for a change), are splendid.

The scene in which Errol talks to Olivia and Rosalind at the same time over the phone is a new high in his career as a comedian. And some of the dialogue is the daisiest I've ever heard in a picture.

OPINION—Okay plus

"THE TEXANS"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by James Hogan

CAST—Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, May Robson, Walter Brennan, Robert Cummings, Raymond Hatton, Robert Barrat, Harvey Stephens, Francis Ford.

SITUATION—At the close of the Civil War, Texas is overrun with carpetbaggers, and corrupt officials impose large taxes in order to grab land. Official Robert Barrat seeks to impose a tax on the cattle belonging to Joan Bennett and her grandmother, May Robson, but Southerner Randolph Scott helps Joan and her hands drive the herd across the Rio Grande, along the bank, back over the river, and up the Chisholm Trail to Abilene, Kansas, where they arrive in time to save the town from ruin because the railroad is discontinuing service. En route, Randy and Joan fall in love, but then Joan's fire-eating fiancé returns from Mexico full of plans for another internecine war. Trouble ahead. ...

COMMENT—Returning to Western sagas, Paramount pulls this cow opera out of its ten-gallon hat. And as such stories go, it's something to be proud of. Director Hogan has directed skillfully, getting the most out of several spectacular sequences—especially the scenes of the herd fording the Rio Grande, and the big plains fire sequence. Some of the fire shots are really thrilling.

May Robson is grand, and the same goes for Walter Brennan and Francis Ford as two old cowmen. Randy Scott and Joan Bennett are as interesting and capable as their conventional roles permit.

OPINION—Worth seeing.

"LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY"

Produced by MGM

Directed by George B. Seitz

CAST—Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, Mary Howard, Gene Reynolds, George Breakston, Raymond Hatton.

SITUATION—Mickey Rooney gets involved

with three different girls and an old car. Some fun!

COMMENT—Another of Metro's perfectly delightful family pictures. This one is being hailed far and wide as the best one of the lot. As usual, the cast is fine, with Mickey Rooney finding himself too much of a Romeo, Judy Garland and Lana Turner are welcome additions to the cast.

OPINION—Very good.

"SKY GIANT"

Produced by RKO

Directed by Lew Landers

CAST—Richard Dix, Chester Morris, Joan Fontaine, Harry Carey, Paul Guilfoyle, Robert Strange.

SITUATION—Harry Carey retires from the Army to take command of the flying school of a large airplane company. Then he meets Richard Dix, who once served under him in the Army, piloting an airliner. Despite Dix's objections, Carey makes him his assistant. Then Carey's son, Chester Morris, enrolls, and begins a feud with Dix, especially over pilot Paul Guilfoyle's cousin, Joan Fontaine. Chester wins her, but they have a quarrel, and she marries Dix the night he and Chester and Paul take off for an Arctic mapping flight. Guess ...

COMMENT—A pretty conventional story is done rather interestingly, considering the low budget. There's some good flying stuff, some bright dialogue, and some welcome shots of Joan Fontaine's pretty face. The Arctic mountains are fake-looking, but the supposedly intense cold becomes almost real at times, so well do they put over the idea. It's Paul Guilfoyle's best part in some time, and he does well with it. A good actor, that boy.

OPINION—Okay.



In "Sky Giant," Everything looks potpie-wootsie here, but in a minute Chester Morris is going to tell Joan Fontaine that he has to leave her for six months because he has been transferred to a distant aviation base, and she is going to tell him that he'll have to choose between flying and her. He chooses flying, so she goes on a short flight herself. Over to Chester's rival, Richard Dix.

"LITTLE TOUGH GUY"

Produced by Universal

Directed by Harold Young

CAST—Robert Wilcox, Helen Parrish, Marjorie Main, Jackie Searl, Peggy Stewart, Ed Pawley, and the "Dead End" kids.

SITUATION—During a factory strike, Ed Pawley, father of Helen Parrish and Billy Halop, gets into a fight and is accused of murder. He is sentenced to the electric chair. Billy becomes bitter against the law, believing his father innocent. As a consequence of her father's trouble, Helen is fired from her job, and the family moves to the lower East Side. There Billy gets mixed up with a tough gang and, after a vain effort to see the judge who sentenced his father, goes criminal.

COMMENT—It seems to me that the producers show little logic in this preachment against crime. It could have been a strong social document; instead it is very confusing. For how can an adolescent boy be blamed for turning against the forces of law and order if one of its highest representatives gives him only rebuff and coldness in time of trouble? Billy Halop, antagonistic and bewildered, goes to see the judge to plead for his father, and instead of being received with kindness and understanding, he is brushed aside with cold legalities. And later, when the judge starts lecturing him upon his youthful crimes and talking about rehabilitation, you get a sick feeling, partly of resentment, which makes the whole story ridiculous. At least, that's the way I felt about it.

There are two substitutions in the group of "Dead End" kids. Bobby Jordan and Leo Gorcey have been replaced, but their absence is compensated for by Billy Halop's and Huntz Hall's superlative performances. Helen Parrish you'll no doubt remember as the meanie girl in Deanna Durbin's "Mail about Music." She has grown up suddenly. Marjorie Main, as the lazy, complaining mother, is outstanding, as is Jackie Searl, as the bored rich boy. Robert Wilcox, a capable actor, has little to do.

OPINION—I pass.



In "The Texans," Zing go the redskins' arrows as oiled Luddell Scott and Joan Bennett, but nary a blond hair on their heads is touched. It's exciting enough to go into a huddle over, though, for the Indians are circling the covered wagon and it begins to look as if Randy had tossed in a bun steer with those cattle of Joan's which he talked her into letting him choparse up to Kongo!



In "Love Finds Andy Hardy," Mickey Rooney thinks Judy Garland is too much of a child to take to a dance. So she puts on her party dress to show him how grown up she can look. Mickey is aghast, dazed, bewildered, overcome—and convinced. And the way he shows it should make you do just what Miss Garland's doing.

PLANE CARGOES, ASSORTED

(Continued from page 10)

said, "I guess you're worth getting kidded for—but next time, carry your own!" Since then, and as a direct result of that incident, diapers have become standard equipment on that airline.

DOGS may not enjoy air travel as much as babies do because, unless they are small dogs, they are expected to ride in the baggage compartment of the plane. Recently a police dog which had been trained to be the eyes for Helen Louise Schull, a blind girl student at the University of Southern California, flew to New York with her on his way back to The Seeing Eye at Whippany, New Jersey, for recuperation. He had been seriously injured in saving the girl's life by jumping in front of a car. He made the trip packed in blankets in the baggage compartment, but when his mistress was ready to step out of the plane, he was on hand to pilot her down the steps.

Small dogs which travel in planes are often carried in their own traveling bags in the cabin alongside their owners and go as excess baggage. If dogs are sent alone by air express, it costs between four and five times what transit by rail would cost, but some people want their pets to travel by air because the trip is so much shorter, and consequently so much less difficult for them.

It was an almost frantically happy French bulldog which was unloaded from an airliner in Florida not long ago. He belonged to Jackie Phipps of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and had been left at home when Jackie went away to visit in the South. It was too long, however, for Jackie to be separated from his pal when, as the result of a motor accident, he had to stay on in Florida. So the little bulldog was crated and sent down to Jackie by air express, and boy and dog were perhaps the two most grateful beings in all the State when they went to sleep, literally hugging each other, the first night of their reunion.

Another dog story connected with the airlines has to do with five cocker spaniel puppies owned by Mrs. Harriet B. Owen of Sherborn, Massachusetts. They had a sick mother and were going hungry because she could not feed them. Mrs. Owen phoned the kennel in Washington, D. C., where she had bought the puppies' mother, and found that she could borrow a foster mother from it at a cost of \$175. The foster mother was flown up from Washington, and next morning the five puppies had a square meal.

SMALL and valuable animals on their way to a zoo are frequently shipped by air, because the speedy trip makes crating unnecessary. The rare pandas, en route to Chicago and New York zoos, have been air passengers. Charles Belden, the antelope king, who is an air-minded person, once sent east several baby antelopes from his ranch in Wyoming to be transshipped to a zoo in Europe. And down all the way from Germany to this side of the Atlantic last year, on the Hindenburg before it was destroyed, were some rare fishes destined for the aquarium in Chicago. They were transferred to an airliner here and put in charge of a stewardess, as was the ralf sent from Hollywood to last year's State Fair in New Jersey.

A few months ago 30 hummingbirds were air expressed overnight from Havana to Washington's National Zoological Park, mak-

ing a much faster passage than they could have made by using their own wings. Shipments of Amazon flies, 2,000 miles via Pan American Clippers to the Windward Islands, are used in scientific warfare on sugar-cane borers. The flies are helpful in saving sugar crops and warding off threatened poverty in the islands. It is estimated that more than 10,000,000 bugs of different kinds have been carried through the air in the past year. Among them have been a prize queen bee and ten worker bees, sent to found a new bee colony in South America. The Post Office Department has ruled that fish, alligators, terrapin, turtles, horned toads, lizards, frogs, and newts must be accepted for air-mail shipment. So you can never tell what may be journeying along up there in the sky when a plane wings over.

Flowers, too—mainly orchids and gardenias—ride high in airplanes, the main route



Little did this turkey's ancestors, wild as they were, dream that this domesticated gobbler would turn out to be a higher flier than themselves. Because someone wanted to favor a turkey friend last Thanksgiving, Mr. T. Stewart received loving care from Stewardess Mary Mussen in his last hours of earth

being from California to eastern cities. As many as 500 shipments of gardenias come east every month during the winter. Most of these are destined for resale in florist shops, but many individual shipments are also made. Residents on the West Coast themselves select the flowers, knowing that they will arrive the next day in good condition.

For the Roosevelt-du Pont wedding a year ago last June, 4,000 blooms of Madagascar jasmine were shipped by air overnight from California to a New York City florist. The flowers were picked up there and taken to Wilmington, Delaware, where they arrived almost as fresh as if they had been gathered from the gardens on the du Pont estate. In his Oakland Night broadcast, Major Edward Bowes distributed 1,000 gardenias to the audience gathered in his studio. The flowers had been shipped for the occasion by the Oakland Chamber of Commerce at 6:35 p.m. on the preceding day. They reached New York at 2:35 p.m. on the day of the broadcast.

Governor Joseph P. Poindexter of Hawaii recently sent leis from Honolulu to President Roosevelt. These traveled for 43 hours by Clipper over the Pacific, and then by airline across the United States. But upon reaching Washington they looked and smelled as enticing as the leis which are pre-

sented to travelers upon leaving Hawaii.

UNUSUAL articles for commercial needs or for private use are often borne by plane. Not long ago a Hollywood studio ran out of false eyelashes. It would have cost thousands of dollars, through delay in production, to wait for a shipment over the rails from the supply house in New York. But air service got the eyelashes to the studio in a comparative jiffy. Another unusual consignment carried on a plane one fall was two live minks and ten pretty girls—the latter to model mink coats—all bound for a fur show.

One little creature which paid no fare and did not have to be put in the baggage compartment was the canary taken in a tiny wooden cage by his owner all the way from Newark, New Jersey, to California for a winter's vacation. And last winter you may have read of the 15 monkeys sent by plane from New York in response to a call from St. Elizabeth's hospital in Chicago for help in finding an antitoxin for babies stricken with a baffling disease. It took only four hours and 15 minutes before the monkeys were landed in Chicago.

The story of John Weston's Thanksgiving dinner illustrates still another kind of air service. John's mother, Mrs. Bertha Weston, who lives in Minnesota, rose before dawn on Thanksgiving morning and roasted a chicken and baked two pumpkin pies. John's sister Alice took them 40 miles by car to the Minneapolis airport so that he could eat them the same day, after they had been flown—and kept hot all the way, mind you—1,000 air miles to New York City.

Oysters do not sound like an aid to courtship, but several dozen which were shipped by air from Massachusetts to a girl in San Francisco definitely spelled romance. Because she enjoyed them so much, the girl was induced to feel that she would be willing to come east and make her home with the young man who had sent them. The two had met during a vacation on a dude ranch but had not been able to agree on whose home produced the better oysters. Those flown from Cape Cod made the San Francisco girl change her mind.

Two barrels of live and wriggling lobsters taken out of Penobscot Bay went from the Augusta, Maine, airport to Rudy Valler in Hollywood recently. He wanted some of the movie colonists to know the taste of home-to-goodness Maine lobsters, and he didn't bat an eyelash when the air express bill for \$100 was handed to him. The lobsters were immediately given to James Cagney, Bette Davis, Paul Kelly, Ann Sheridan, Rosemary Lane, Bing Crosby, John Barrymore, and others with directions as to how they should be cooked. There was a reorder the next day for two more barrels.

Occasionally someone wants to use an airliner for a publicity stunt. One such person was the actress who appeared last year at an airport with a crate, inside which, she said, was a 28-foot python weighing 250 pounds. His name was Sebastian, and Sebastian's owner said that he would go on sleeping, confined as he was, and would be a model passenger. But the airline officials, not having firsthand knowledge of Sebastian's disposition, did something which is rare enough to be news any day of the week. They recommended a competitor. They suggested—may, urged—Sebastian's owner to kiss his little pet good-bye at the train

When you want 'em, they're ready!



**FISHER'S
COLD MEATS**

Baked Ham
Cheese Loaf
Pimento Loaf
Nut Loaf
Maple Loaf
Ham Loaf
Plain Meat Loaf
Hamett
Jellied Tongue
Minced Ham
Goose Liver Sausage
Chicken Liver Sausage
Franky
Garlics
Polish
Veal Sausage
Large Bologna
Spiced Ham
Wieners
Salami
Thuringer

—and there's still more!

● Picnics . . . cool luncheons . . . light suppers
midnight snacks—Fisher's have a big variety of
cold meats to suit your every purpose.

Just look at the list! Really, all you need is the occa-
sion. Fisher's can supply the best of everything
else.

FISHER FOODS

CLEVELAND-OWNED

"CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM

TIDBITS IN THE NEWS



FROM G.M. RATES, RT 2, BOX 640,
SAN ANGELO, CALIF.

BUTTE, MONT.—
A.D. DECHANCE,
A BAKER,
SERVING ON A
JURY, WAS FINED
16 DOZEN
DOUGHNUTS FOR
TARDINESS.
HIZZONER AND
THE JURY ATE THE
FINE



FROM
MRS. A. BENDHOLE,
3722 NEVIL ST.,
OAKLAND, CALIF.



FROM MRS. E.W. D. SMITH,
940 CHOPART AVE.,
GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—
TWO MEN WERE ARRESTED
FOR SCATTERING
LIMBURGER CHEESE
AROUND AN APARTMENT
FROM WHICH THEY
WERE EVICTED.
"WE WANTED TO KEEP
PROSPECTIVE TENANTS
AWAY SO WE COULD
MOVE BACK IN,"
THEY SAID

**BEAR EGGS
FOR SALE**

SILLY SIGN SPUN IN
SAN LEANDRO CALIFORNIA
(MR. BEAR SELLS THE
EGGS)

FROM W. WHITFIELD, PO BOX 84,
SAV. 1052, CALIF.



**WHY
DO HENS CACKLE AFTER LAYING
EGGS? BECAUSE THE TRAIT IS
INHERITED FROM THEIR WILD
ANCESTORS, THE JUNGLE FOWL.
AFTER TAKING TIME OUT TO LAY
AN EGG, THESE HENS CACKLED TO
SIGNAL THEIR WHEREABOUTS TO
THE REST OF THE WANDERING FLOCK**

FROM MRS. H. ARDENSON, 407% W. MERCURY,
BUTTE, MONT. 9-57 PM

FROM FREDERIC WILLIAM GANERT,
1208 E. 9TH SOUTH ST., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
4-10 PM



THE SKELETON OF JEREMY BENTHAM WAS THE HONORED GUEST AT A DINNER GIVEN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON BY A GROUP OF HIS MODERN DISCIPLES (JUNE 6, 1932).....BENTHAM, ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER WHO DIED IN 1832, PROVIDED IN HIS WILL THAT HIS SKELETON BE PUT TOGETHER IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THE FIGURE COULD BE SEATED IN A CHAIR.....HE WILLED THAT, WHENEVER FRIENDS COMMEMORATED HIM, THE SKELETON BE SEATED IN A CHAIR AND PLACED IN THE ROOM WHERE THEY MET

FROM LOUISE LANGE, P.O. BOX 213,
SPRINGFIELD, WASH.



AN EGG IS "A SWAIN WHO LETS HIS GIRL PAY HER OWN WAY INTO A DANCE HALL"
(ACCORDING TO THE DICTIONARY)

IN SAMOA, A POPULAR BEVERAGE IS MADE BY THE WOMEN, WHO CHEW THE ROOT OF THE KAVA PLANT AND SPIT IT INTO WOODEN BOWLS. THIS JUICE IS ALLOWED TO FERMENT THREE DAYS, THEN IS STRAINED



FROM HELENE ANN
905 AMERSON PL.,
VENICE, CALIF.

